

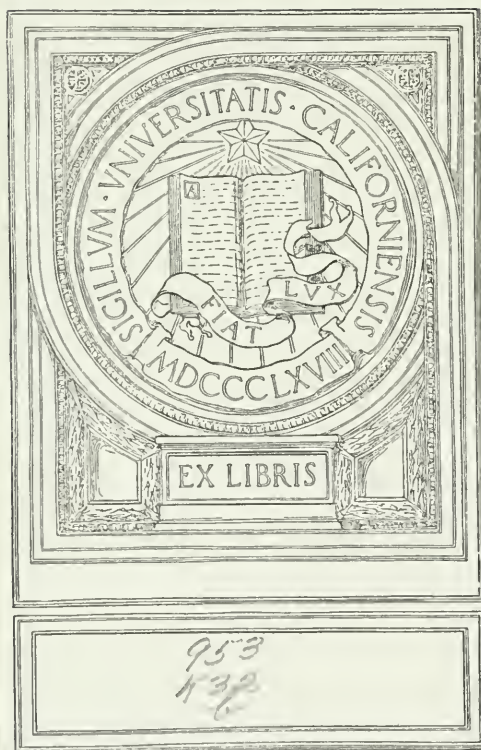
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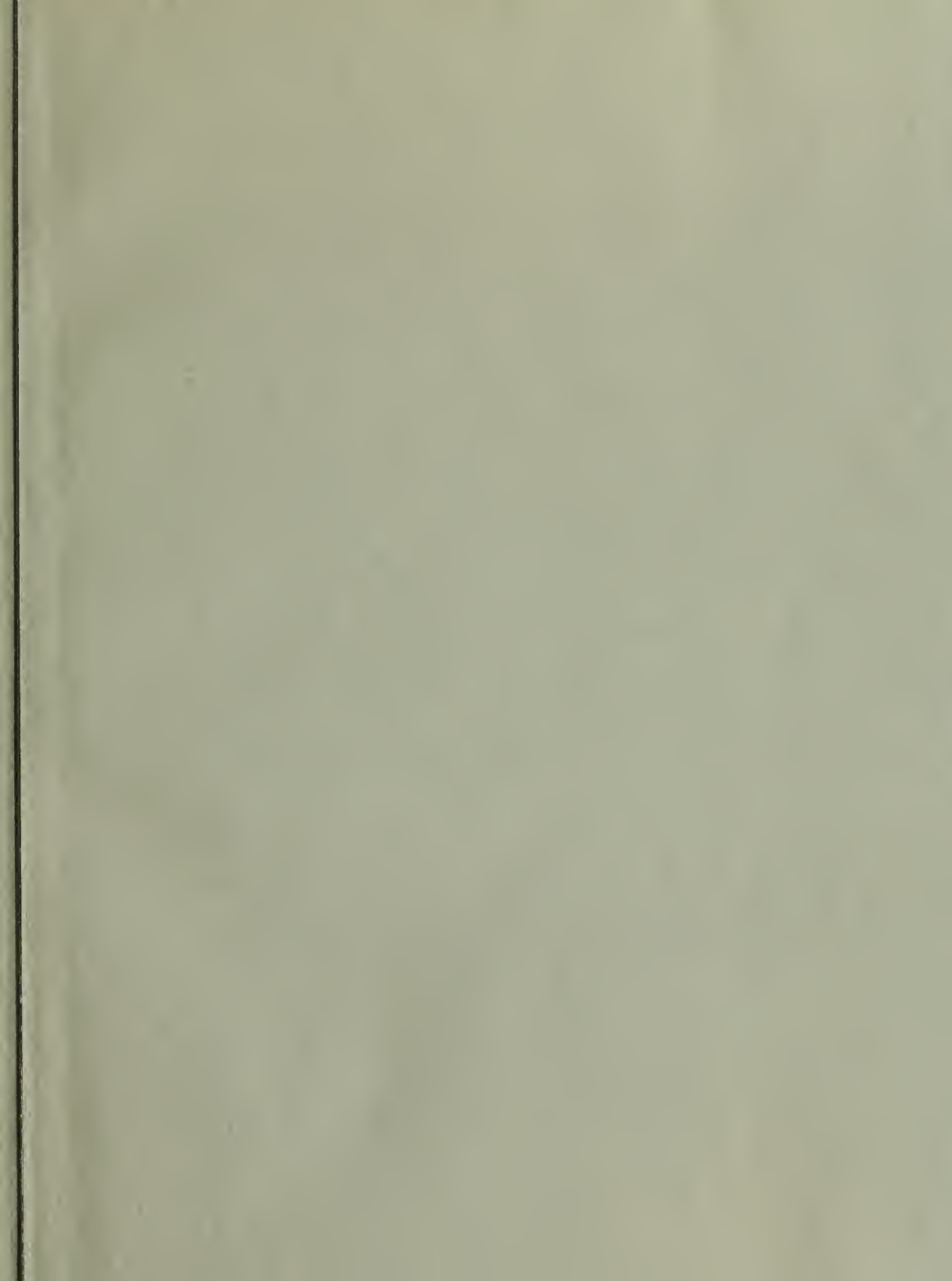


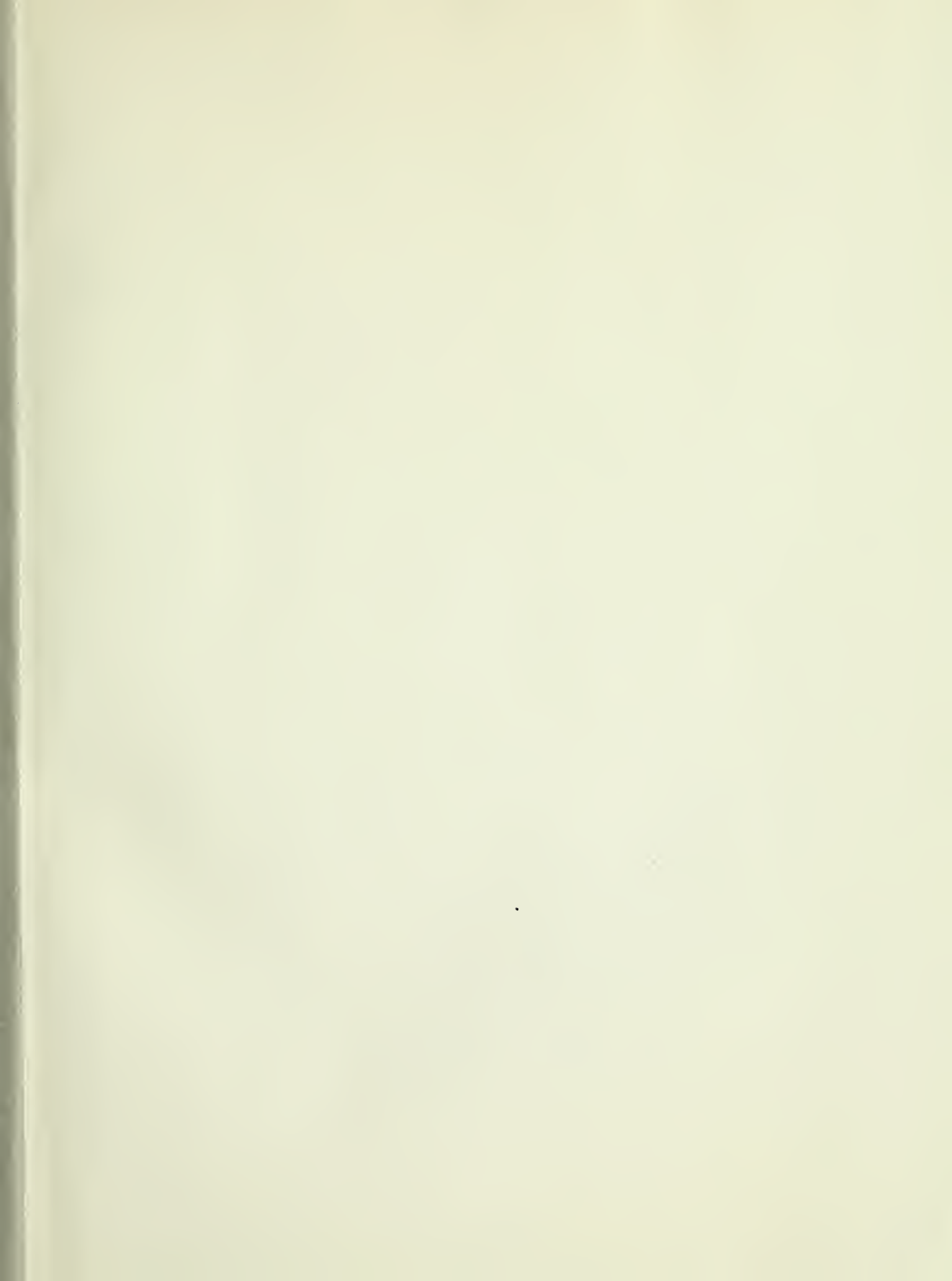
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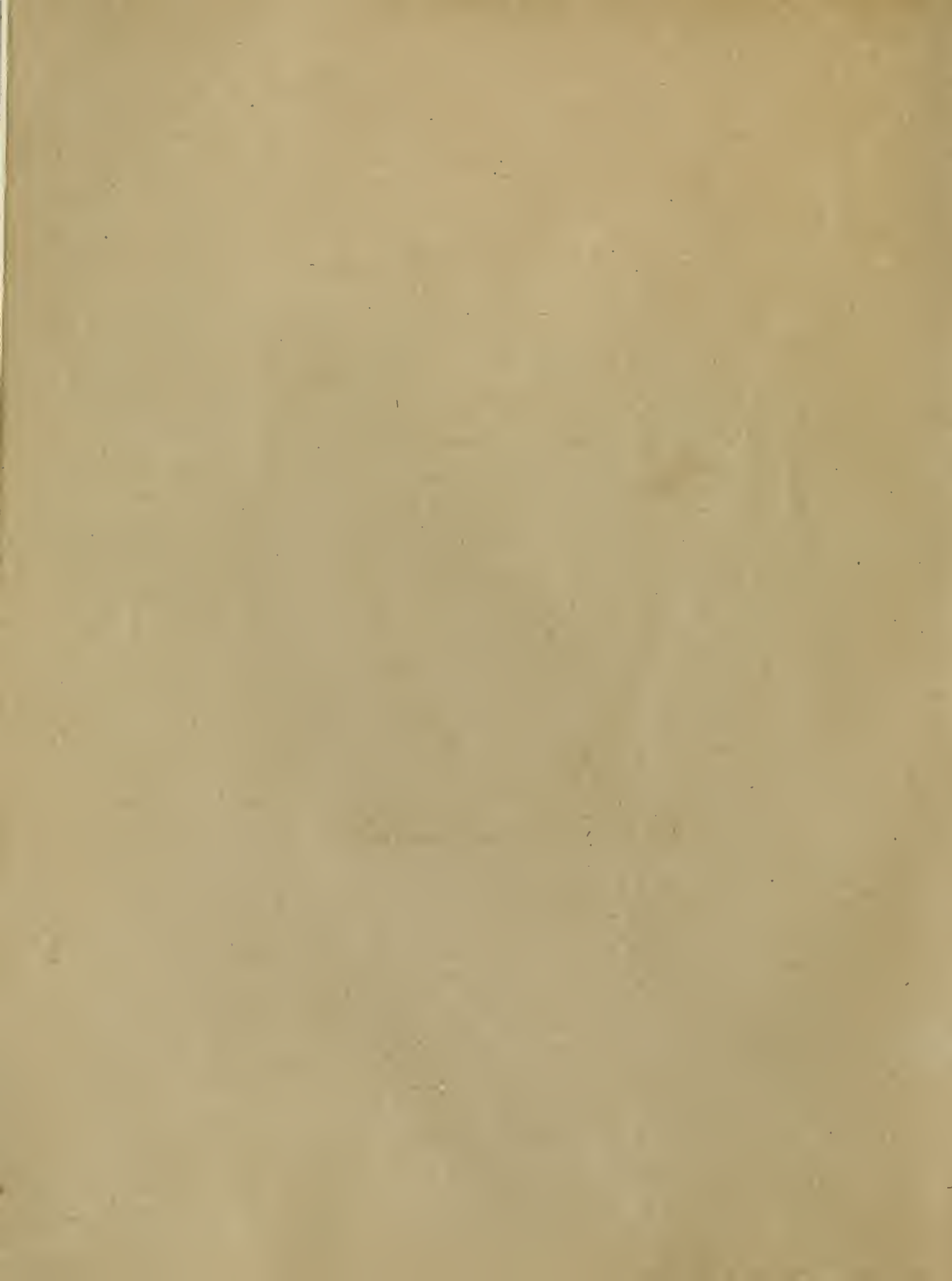


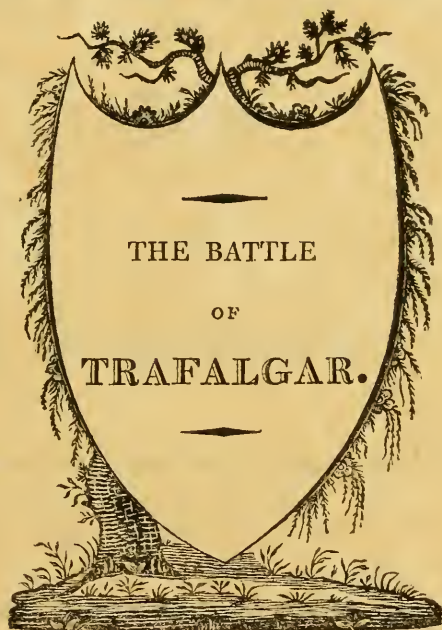


not from

Kemp A. J.

Battle of TRAFALGAR





THE BATTLE
OF
TRAFALGAR:
A Poem.

BY

A. J. KEMPE.

“ In Joys of Conquest he resigns his Breath,
“ And, fill'd with England's Glory, smiles in Death.”

ADDISON'S CAMPAIGN.

London:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR;

AND SOLD BY MESSRS. WINCHESTERS, STRAND.

1806.

J. Brettell, Printer, Marshall Street, Golden Square.

TO
MARK BEAUFOY, Esq.
COLONEL
OF
THE FIRST ROYAL REGIMENT
OF
TOWER-HAMLETS MILITIA,

This Poem

IS
MOST RESPECTFULLY

AND
GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS
OBEDIENT SERVANT,

ALFRED JOHN KEMPE.



THE
BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

SECURE, inert, the hostile Squadrons lay,
Nor dar'd to tempt the dangers of the fray,
T' oppose Britannia on her azure field,
But sought from Cadiz Towers a coward shield.
With patient vigilance each hardy Tar,
View'd their united ensigns from afar,

Nor saw his anxious eyes th' advancing foe,
 The loosen'd top-sail or the stemming prow.
 As the pale caitiff wretch, whose blood-stain'd knife
 Has basely drunk the sacred source of life ;
 When muttering o'er the earth the thunder rolls,
 And æther blazes to the trembling poles ;—
 Struck with a keen remorse and awful dread,
 Shrinks from the flash and hides his guilty head :
 So shrank the foe, regardless of his fame,
 From the prov'd terrors of HORATIO's name.
 At length impell'd by meagre Famine's scourge,
 From shelt'ring Cadiz port their way they urge ;
 But still reluctant caution guides their flight,
 And still they shun the so long proffer'd fight.
 In vain : for, NELSON sees them as they fly,
 And views their progress with an eagle eye ;
 Like to the bird which bears the bolts of Jove,
 And hurls his vengeance from the realms above,

Which upward and undazzled soars his way,
 Full in the radiant glories of the day,
 He sees them fly and marks them for his prey.
 Fir'd with his Country's wrongs, his pulses beat ;
 Victoria bears him to the Battle's heat.
 The combat joins, and now from blazing sides,
 Deep bursting thunder echoes o'er the tides ;
 Thick as the driving hail, the missive balls
 Pierce the strong timbers of the Wooden Walls,
 Grim Death, triumphant, wings the adverse fires ;
 Shakes his fell dart whilst many a life expires !—
 Horror, confusion, universal wreck,
 Preside, while purple torrents stain each deck !
 So from Vesuvius' inly tortur'd frame,
 Breaks forth thro' sable clouds th' imprison'd flame ;
 The molten mountain deluges the land,
 And whelms the labour of the peasant's hand :
 Vainly he seeks by flight to save his life ;
 Involv'd he sinks, unequal to the strife.

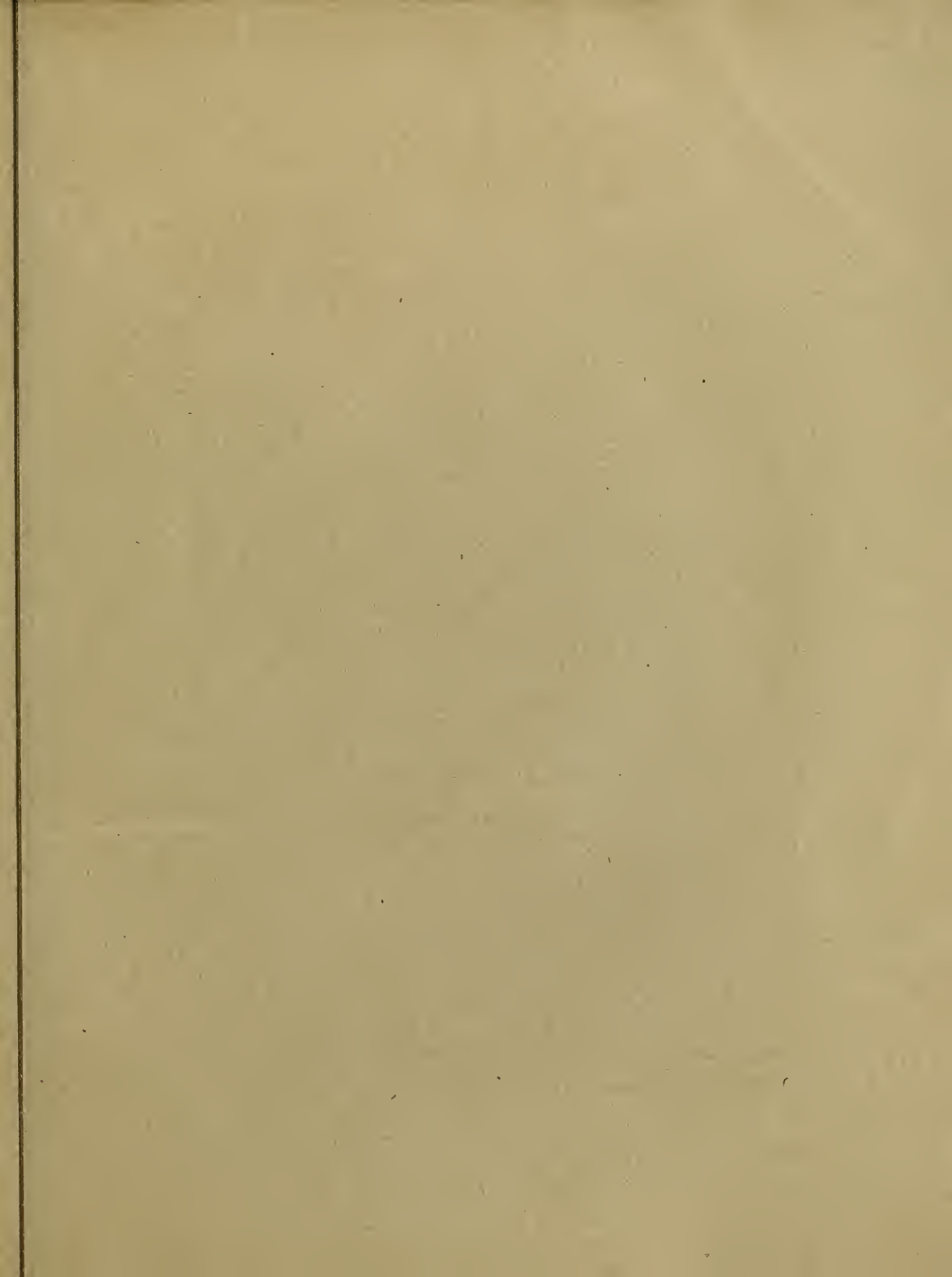
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'Midst the infernal din the Hero stood,
Forgot his peril in the public good ;
Unshaken, view'd the horrors of the scene,
And rul'd the fight with majesty serene.
So the brown cliff, with rugged firmness, braves
The murn'ring efforts of assailant waves ;
High o'er the deep it lifts its awful form,
And looks defiance to the scowling storm :
And now the laurell'd Goddess hastes to bless
Intrepid valour with deserv'd success.
Proud Spain, ambitious Gaul, their standards bow,
And lay their honours to the Victor low :
But, ah ! my Muse, arouse my sinking heart,
And teach me how to play the Roman part ;
Give me stern Cato's godlike turn of thought,
'To thank the gods that he so well has fought ;
Suppress all sorrow in my Country's weal,
And when she conquers, let me cease to feel.

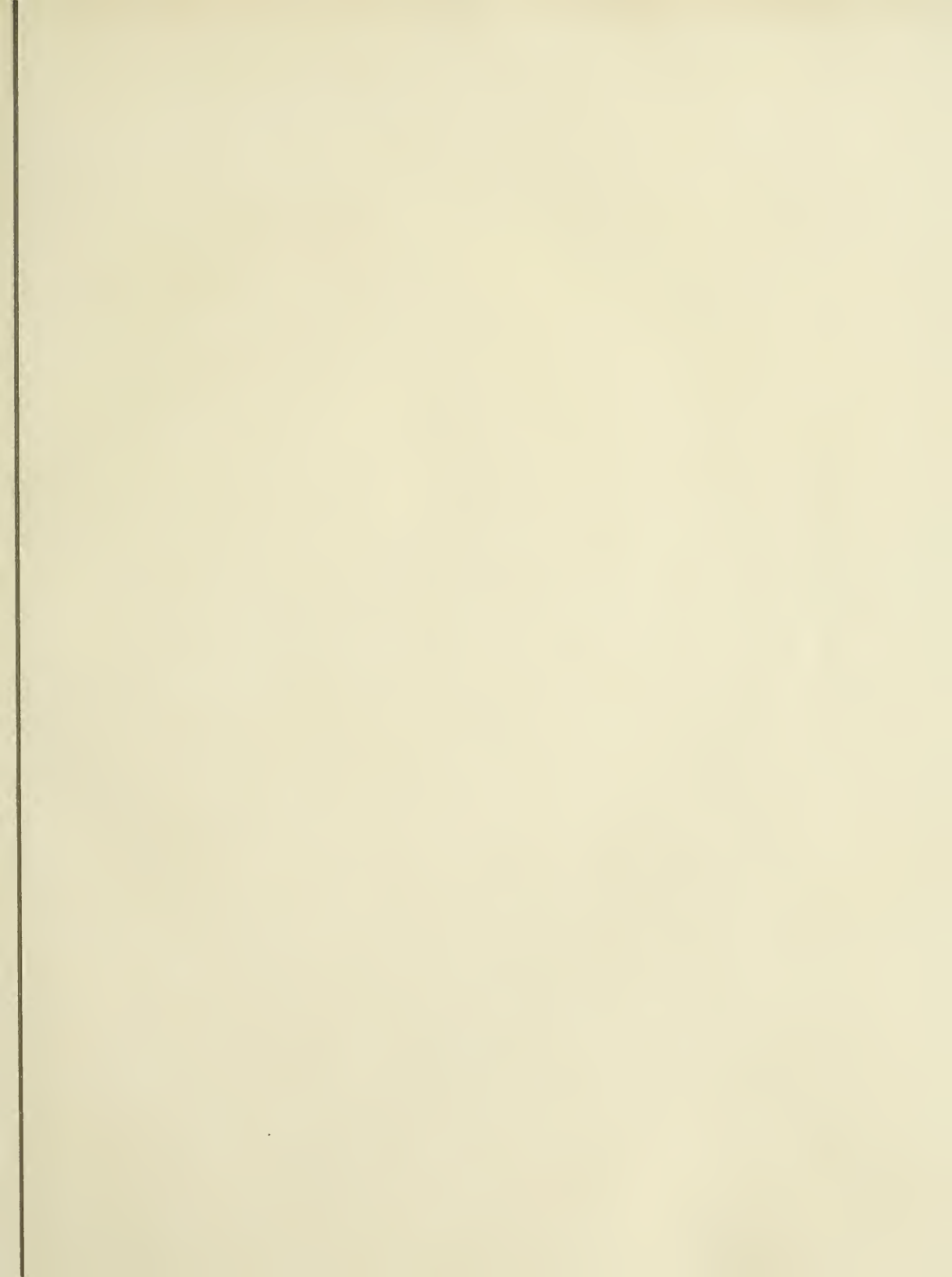
Brave NELSON falls, he sinks beneath the blow
 Of Fate relentless,—Vict'ry on his brow !
 What, though convuls'd and pale he yields his breath,
 Thou gain'st no triumph from this victim, Death !
 Know that the firmness of HORATIO's soul,
 With all thy terrors thou canst ne'er control.
 Exulting, grateful for the conquest won,
 Resign'd he cries, Your will, ye Powers, be done !
 Well pleas'd his noble spirit takes her flight,
 Circled with glory and immortal light :
 Struck with electric fire, so falls the tow'r,
 Which oft had firm repell'd each hostile pow'r,
 When lawless ravagers o'er-ran the plains,
 The strength and shelter of the neighb'ring swains :
 Silent and mournful o'er the pile they stand,
 And view its massy ruins spread the land :—
 So droop'd Britannia when her Hero bled,—
 Her tower fallen, in her NELSON dead !

But soon she wip'd the gushing tear away,
 Nor marr'd with grief the triumph of the day.
 In the bright annals of th' historic page,
 Which bids the Hero live through ev'ry age,
 Inroll'd she saw HORATIO's gallant name,
 By its immortal guardian goddess Fame ;
 Saw his example every bosom fire,
 And future Britons to his deeds aspire ;
 His genius e'en triumphant o'er the grave,
 Still rule, the awful monarch of the wave.

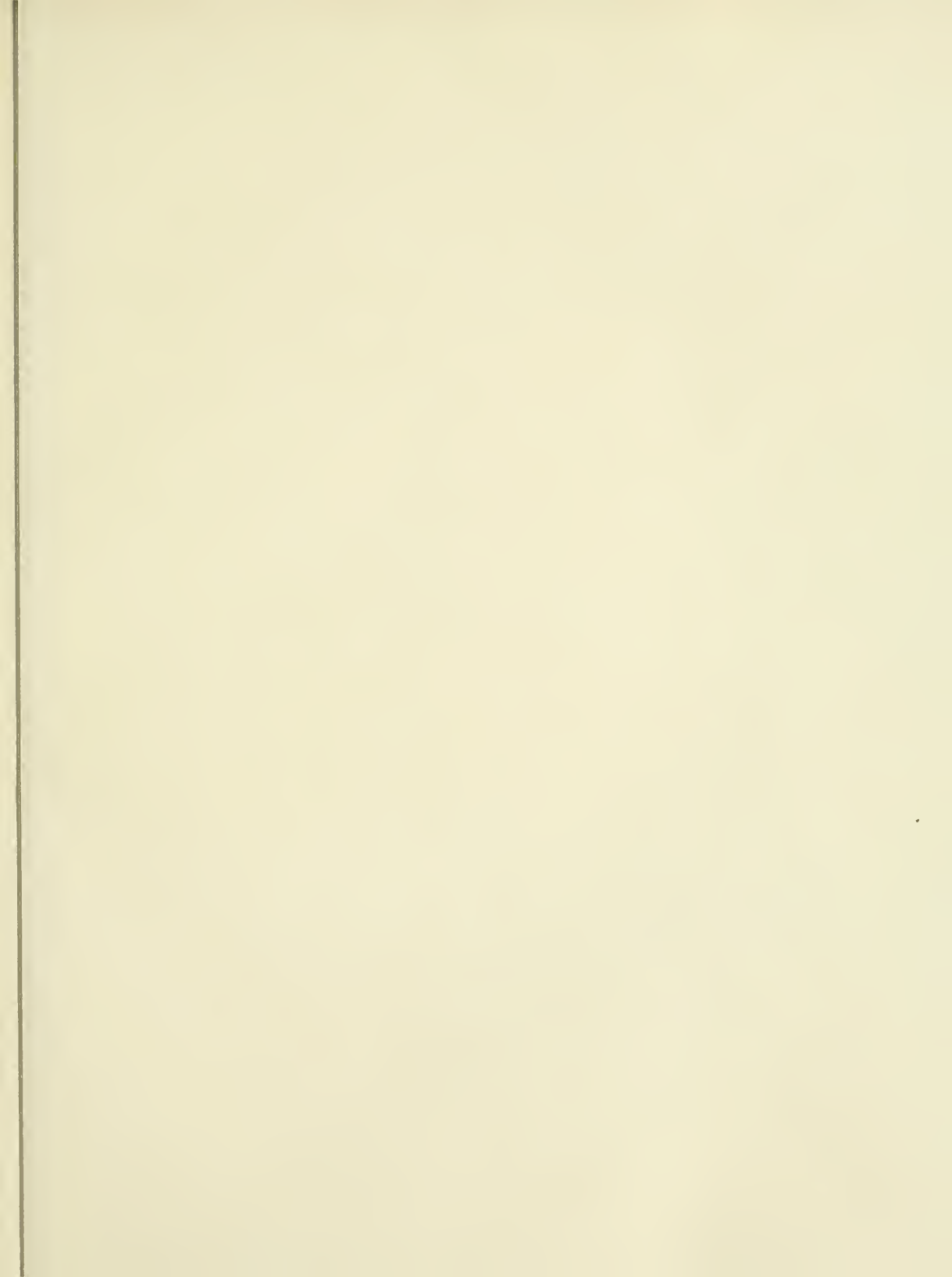


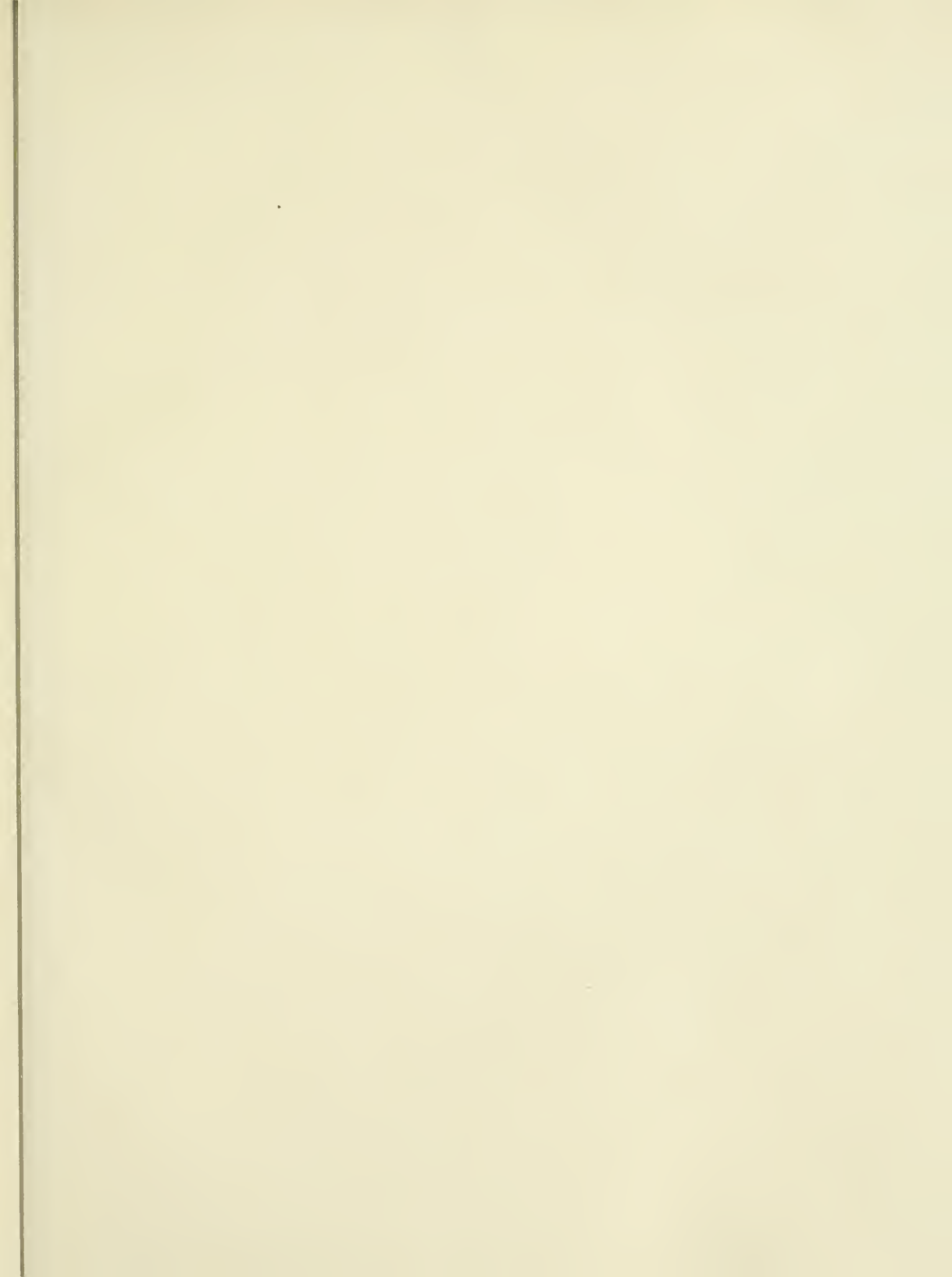


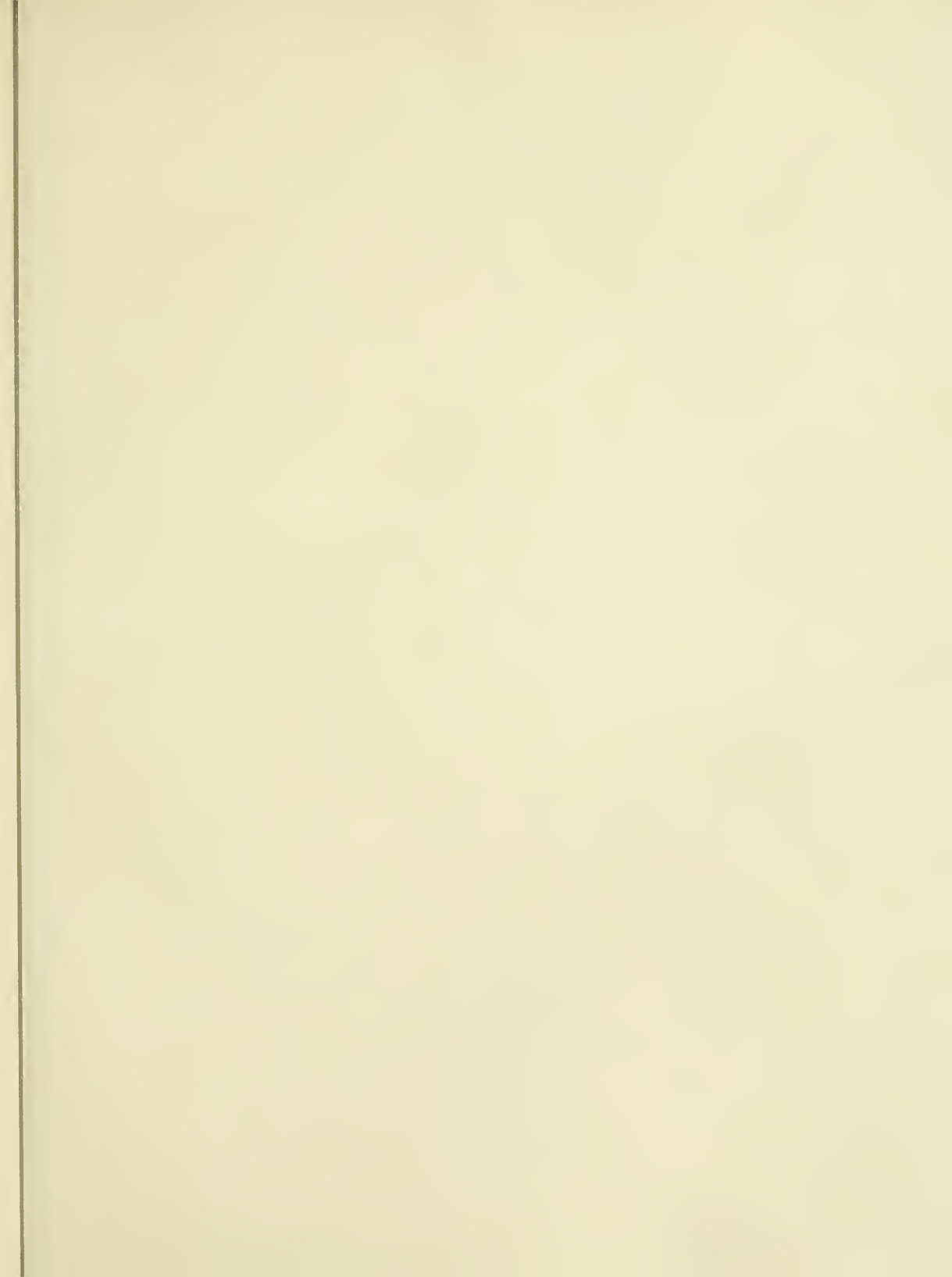


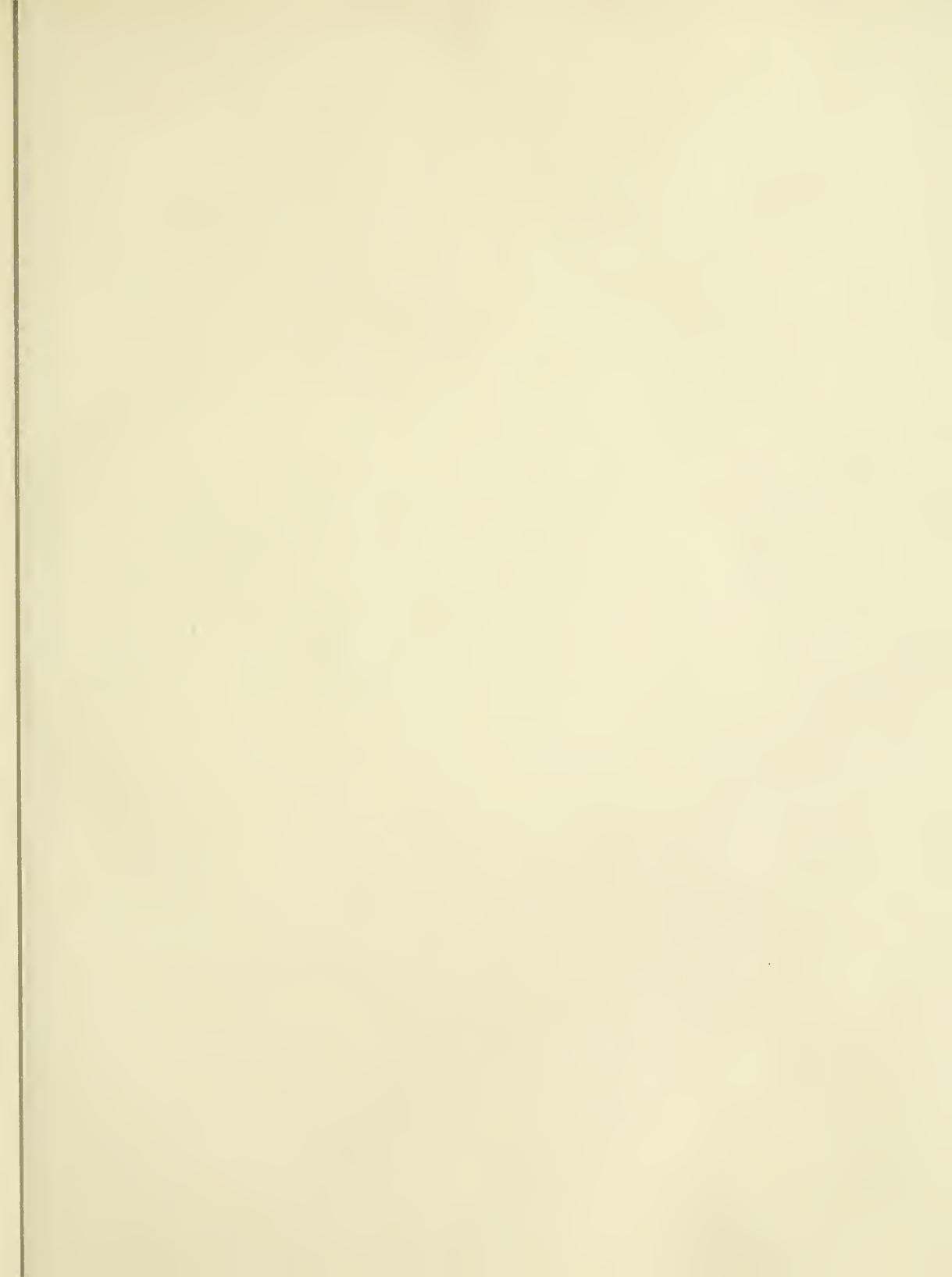


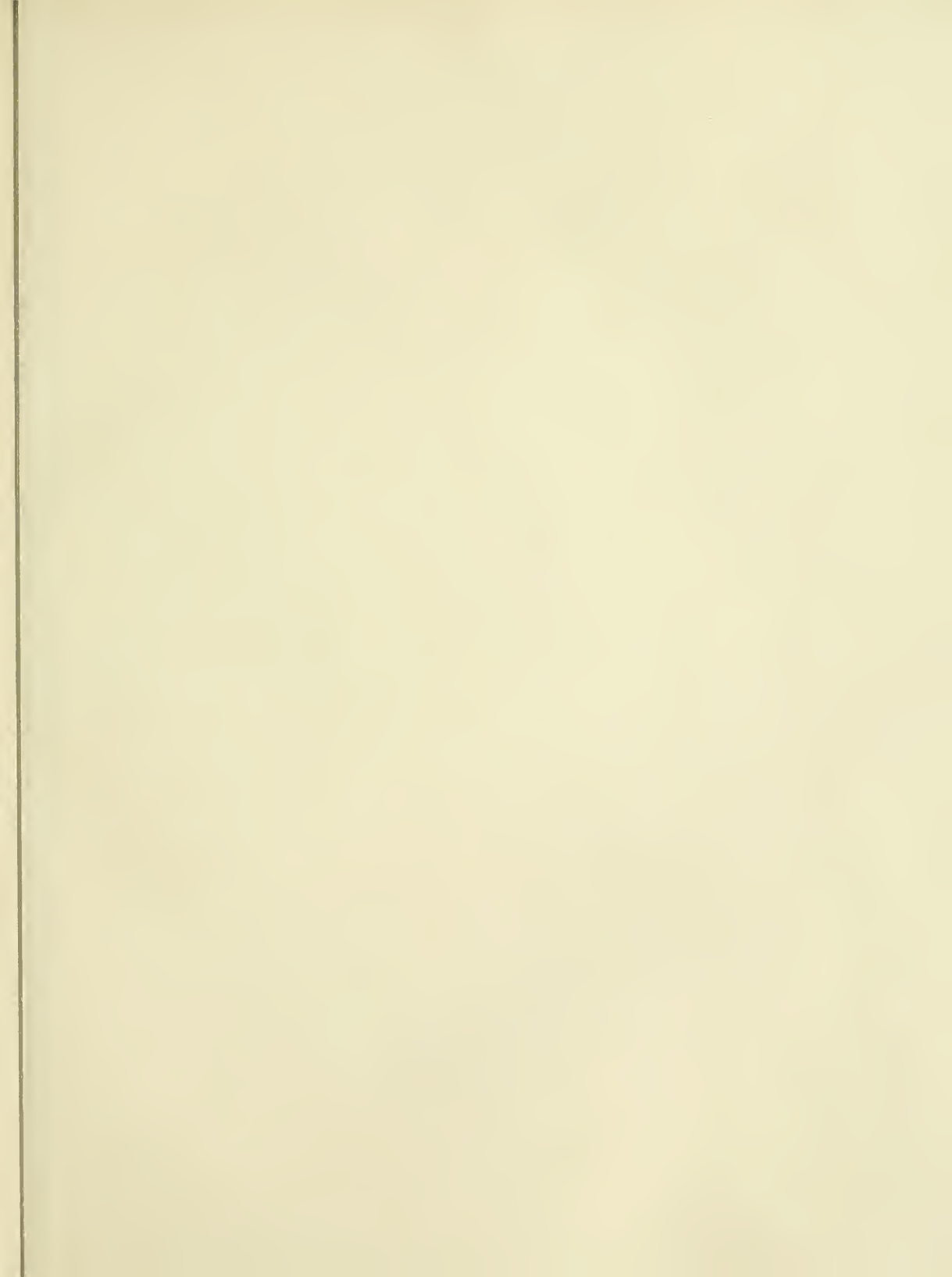


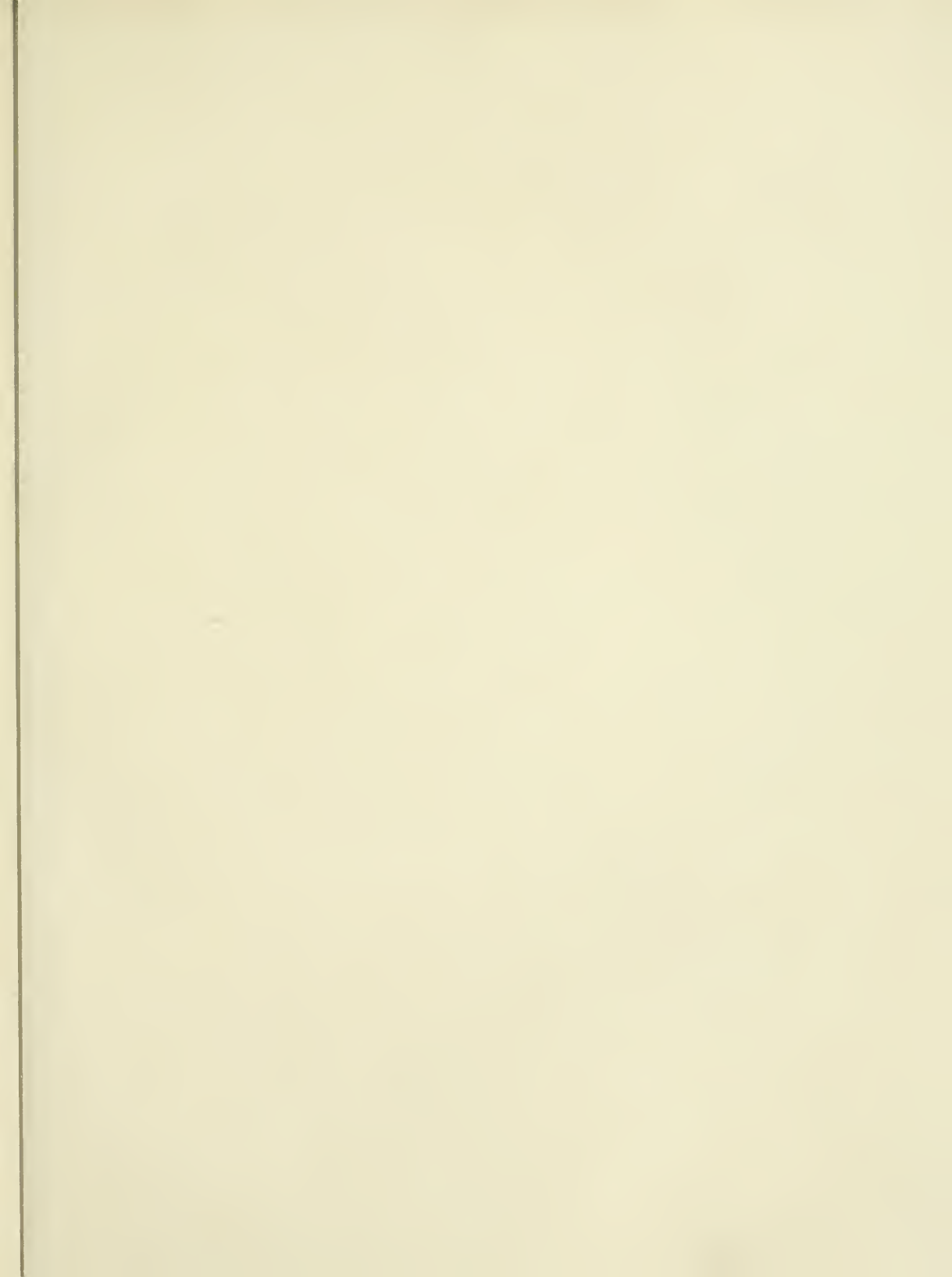


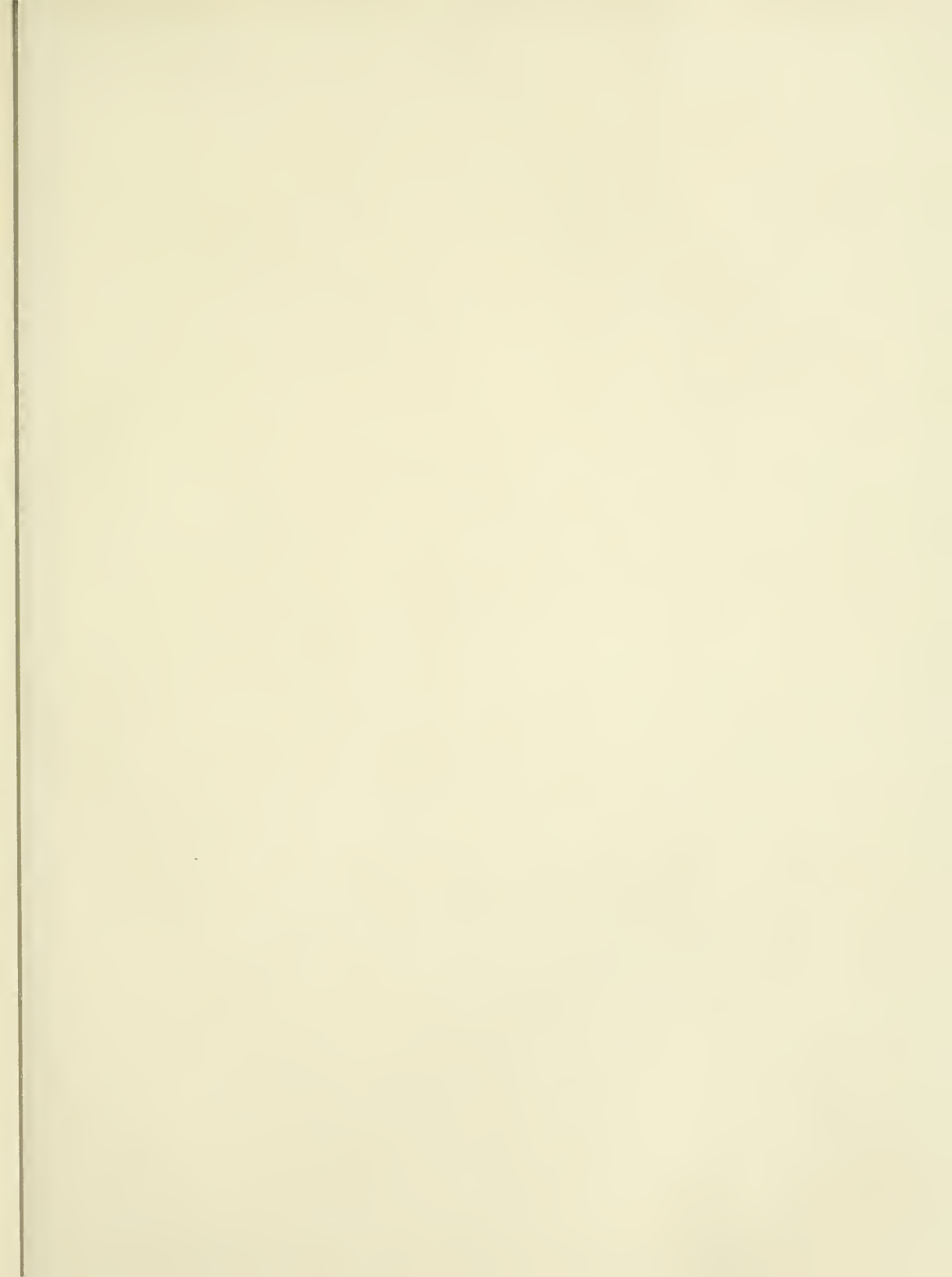


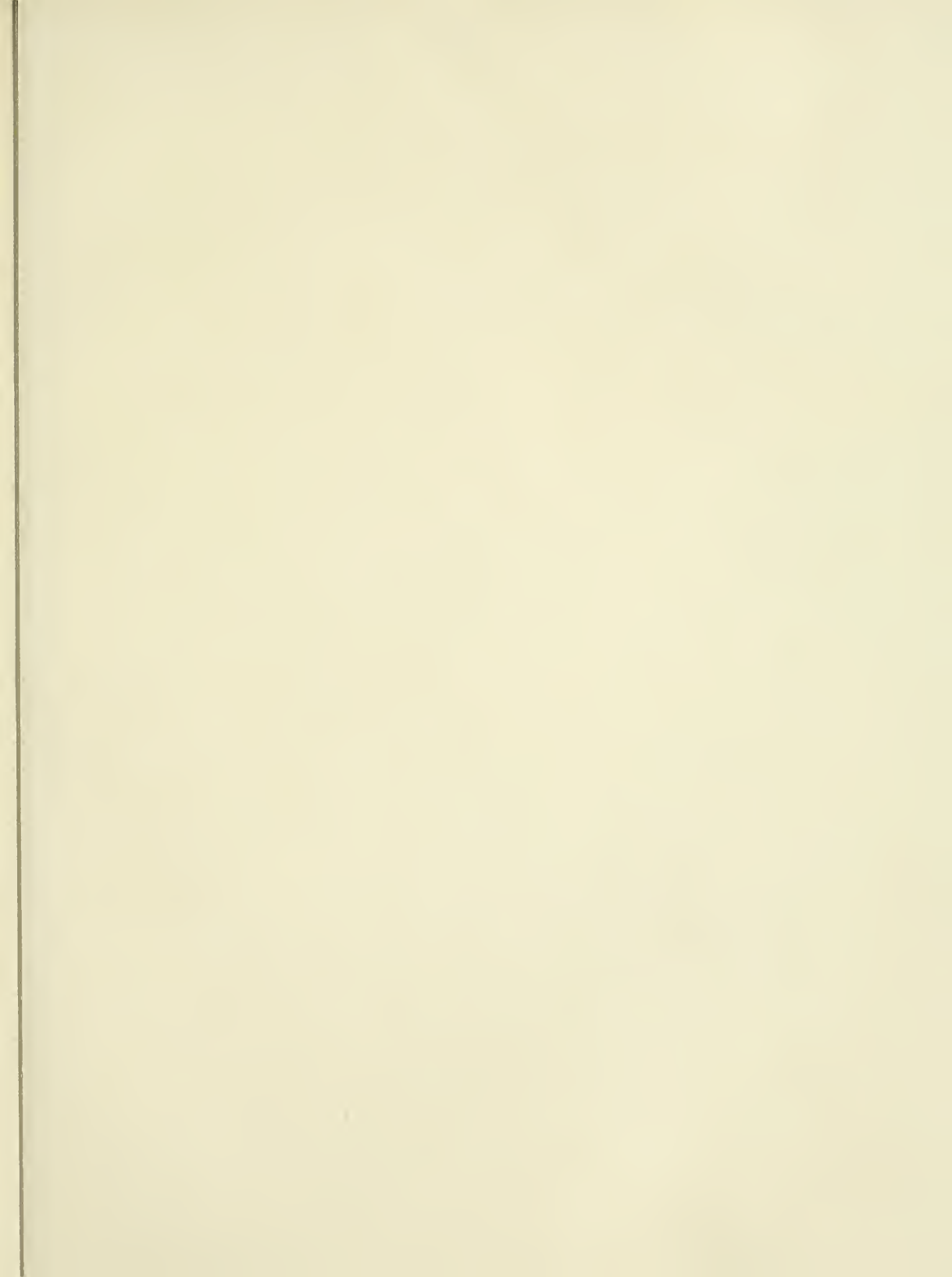


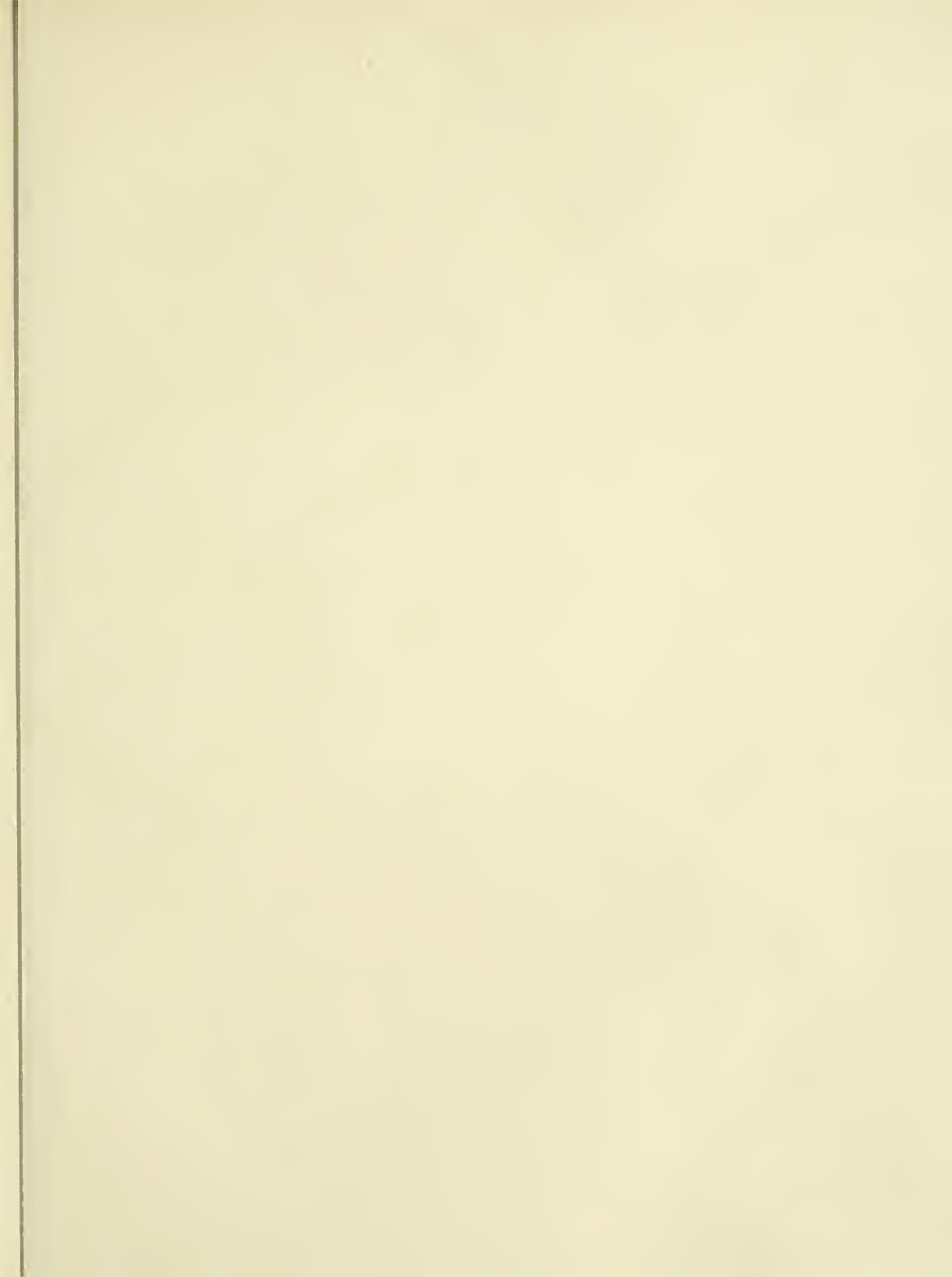


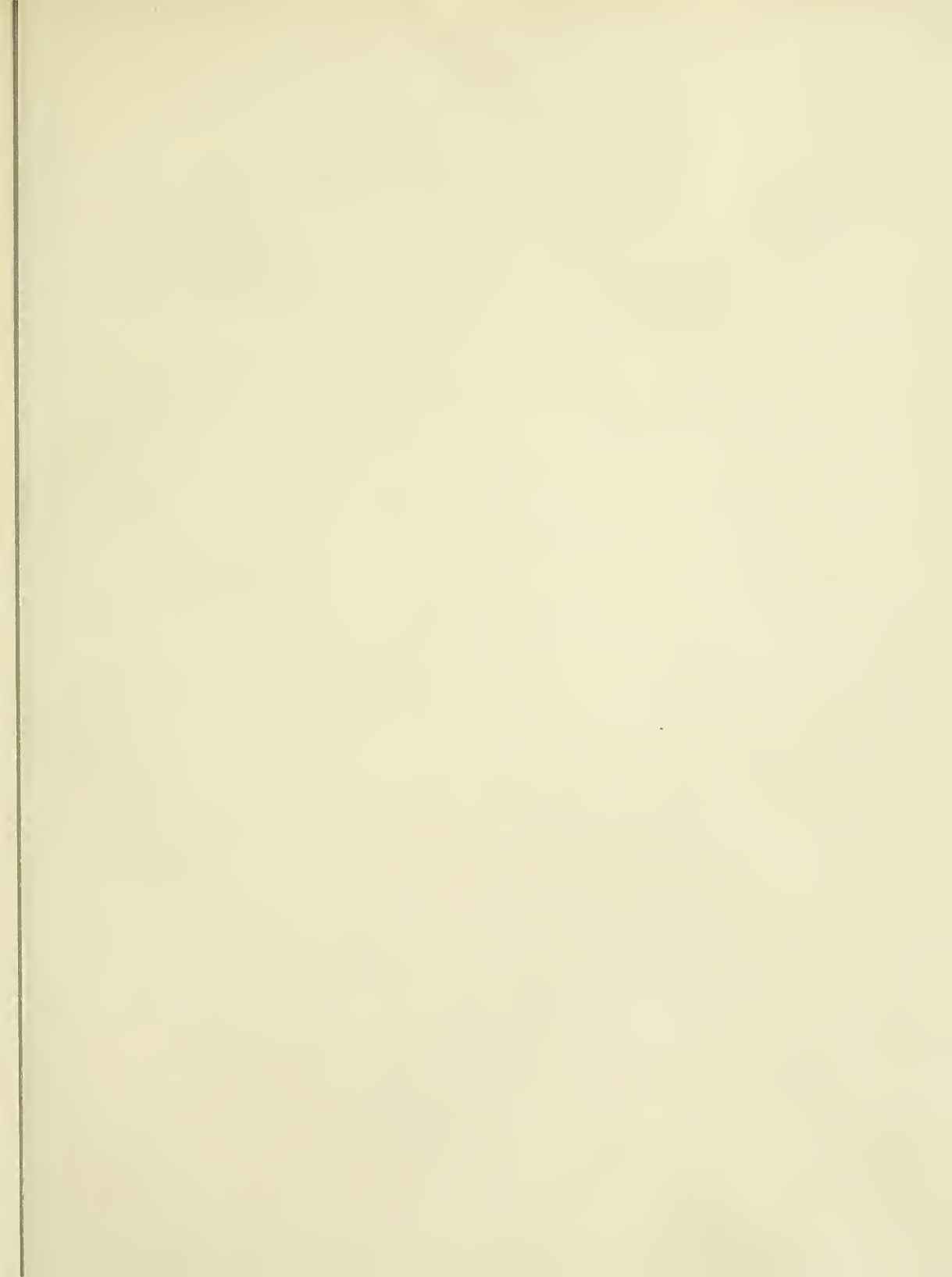


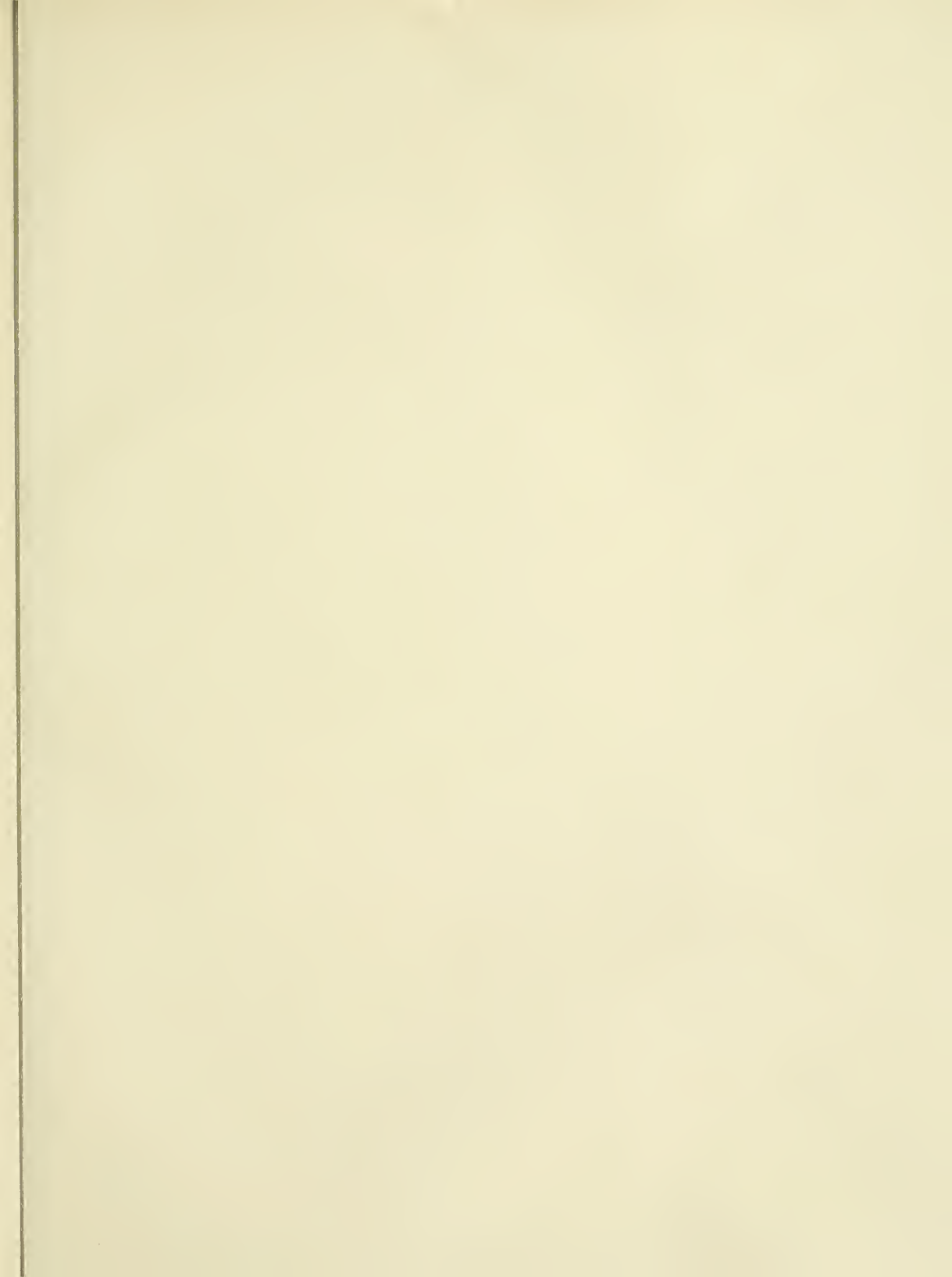


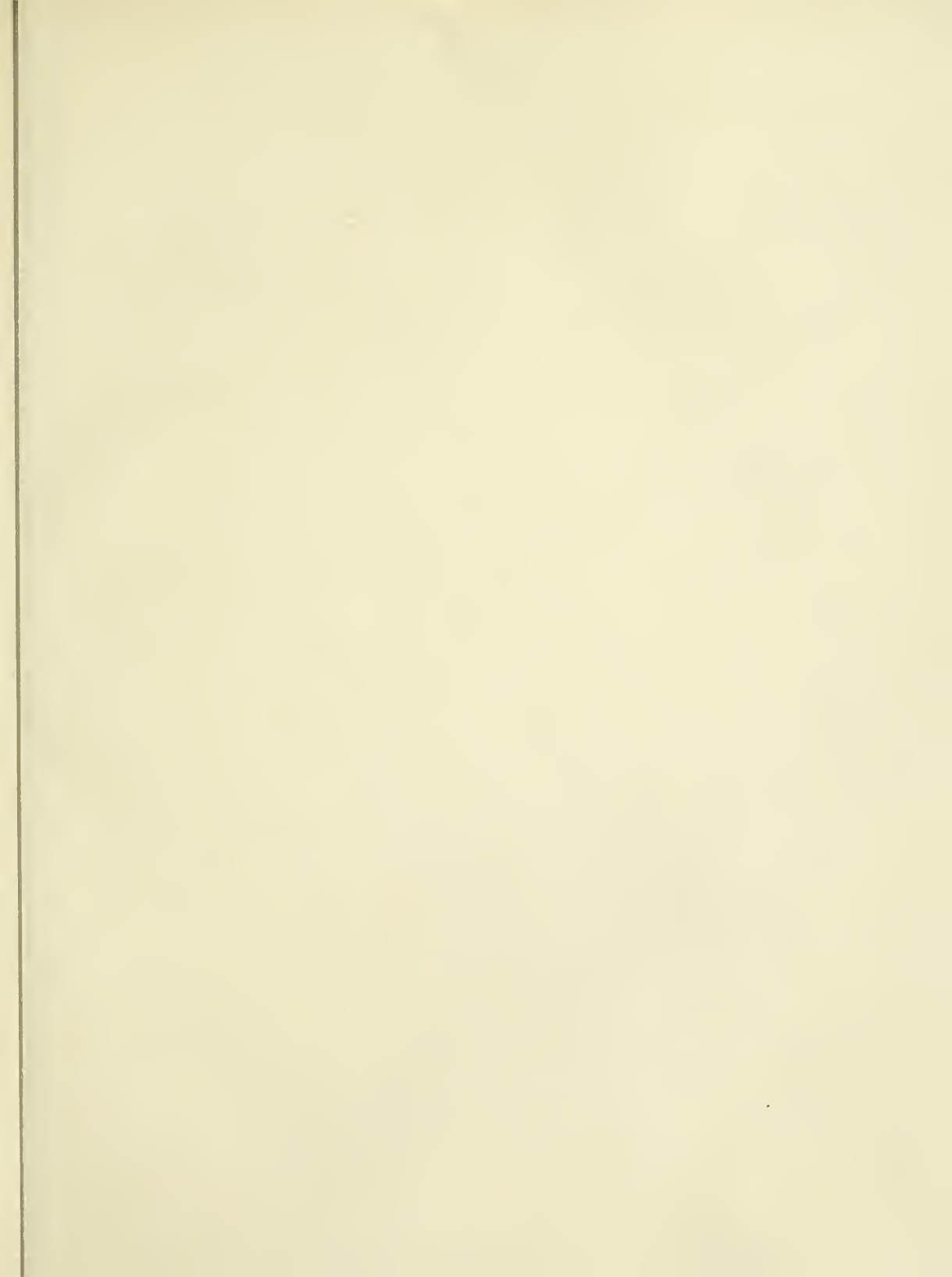


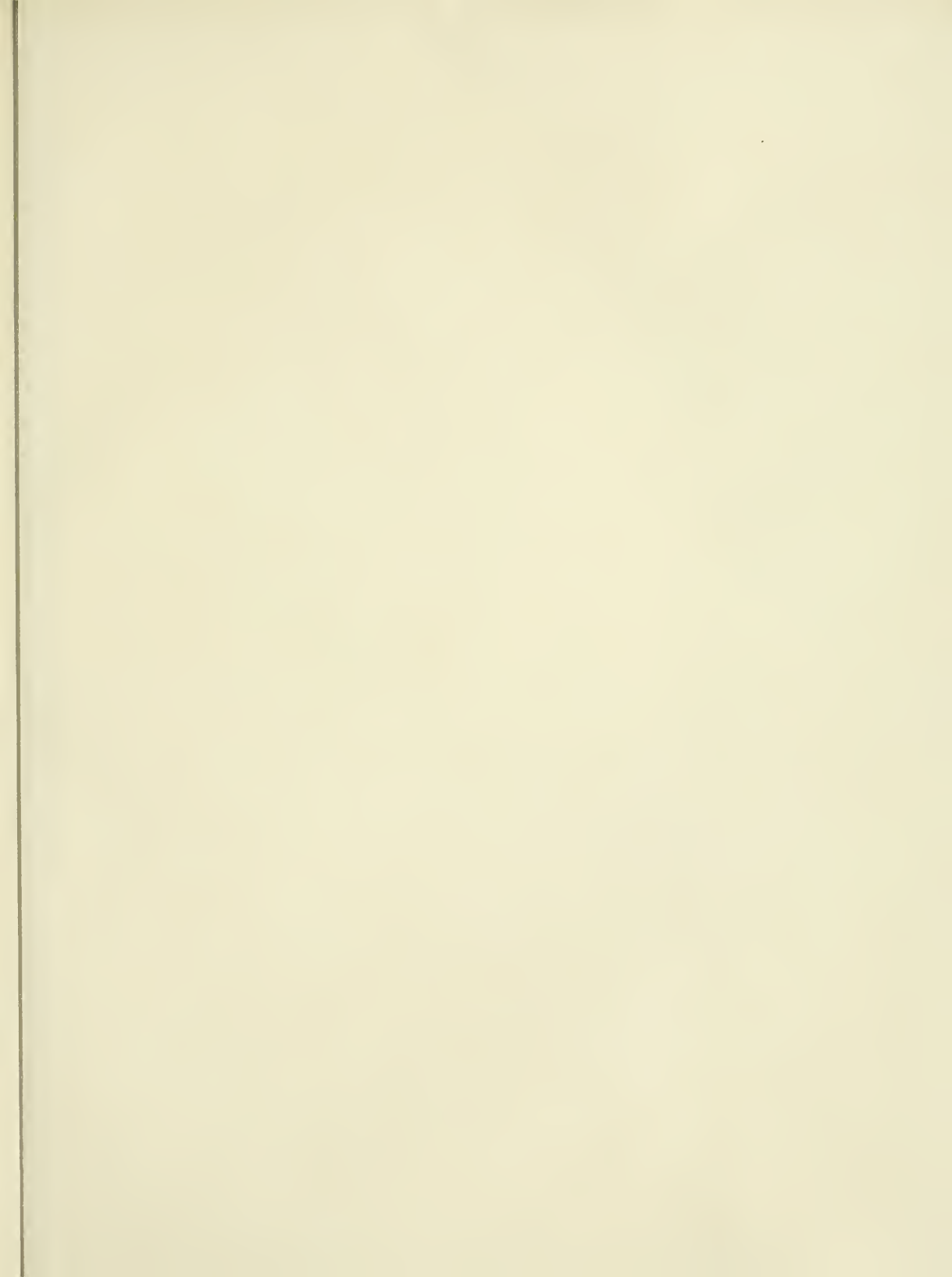


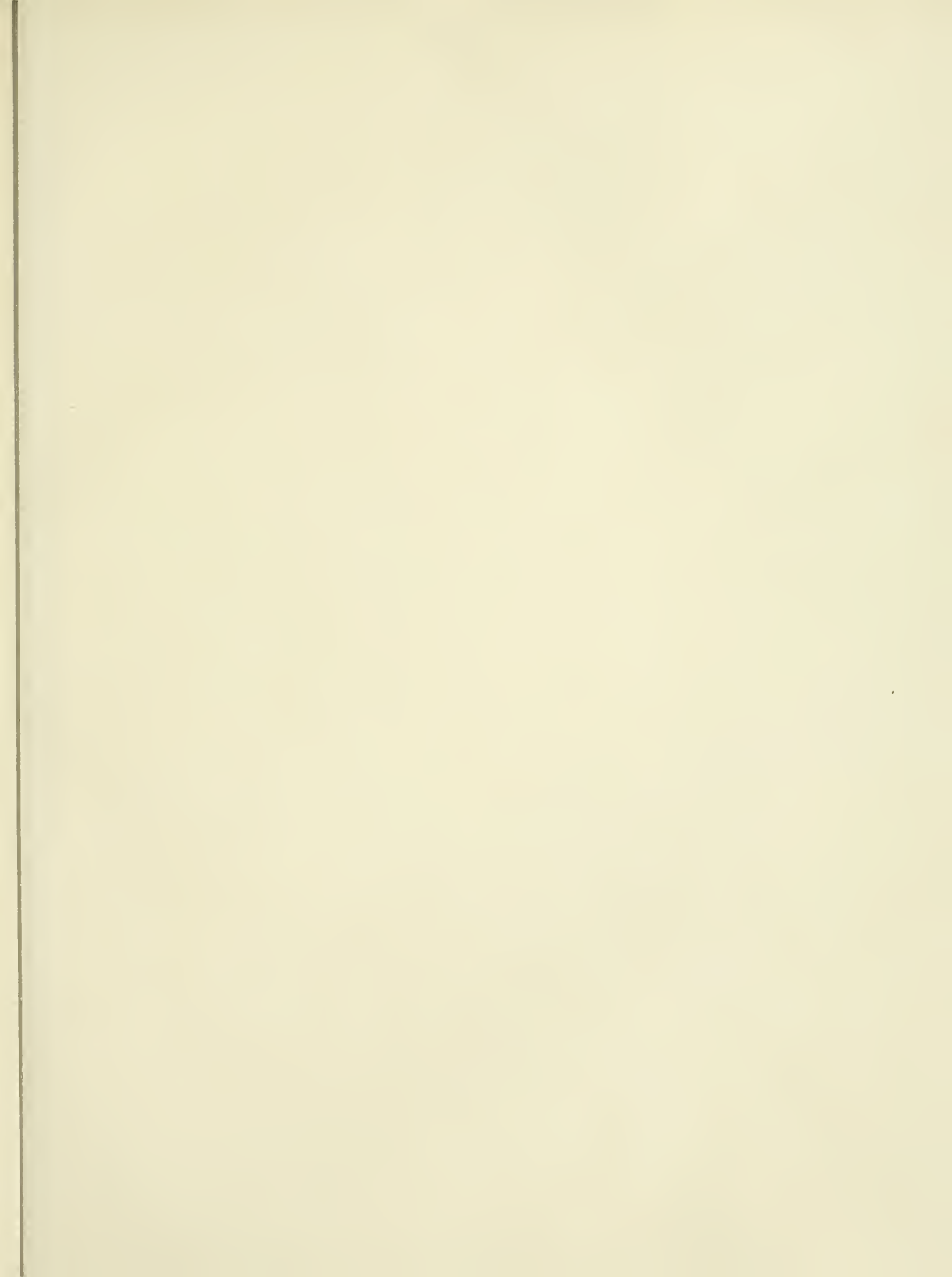


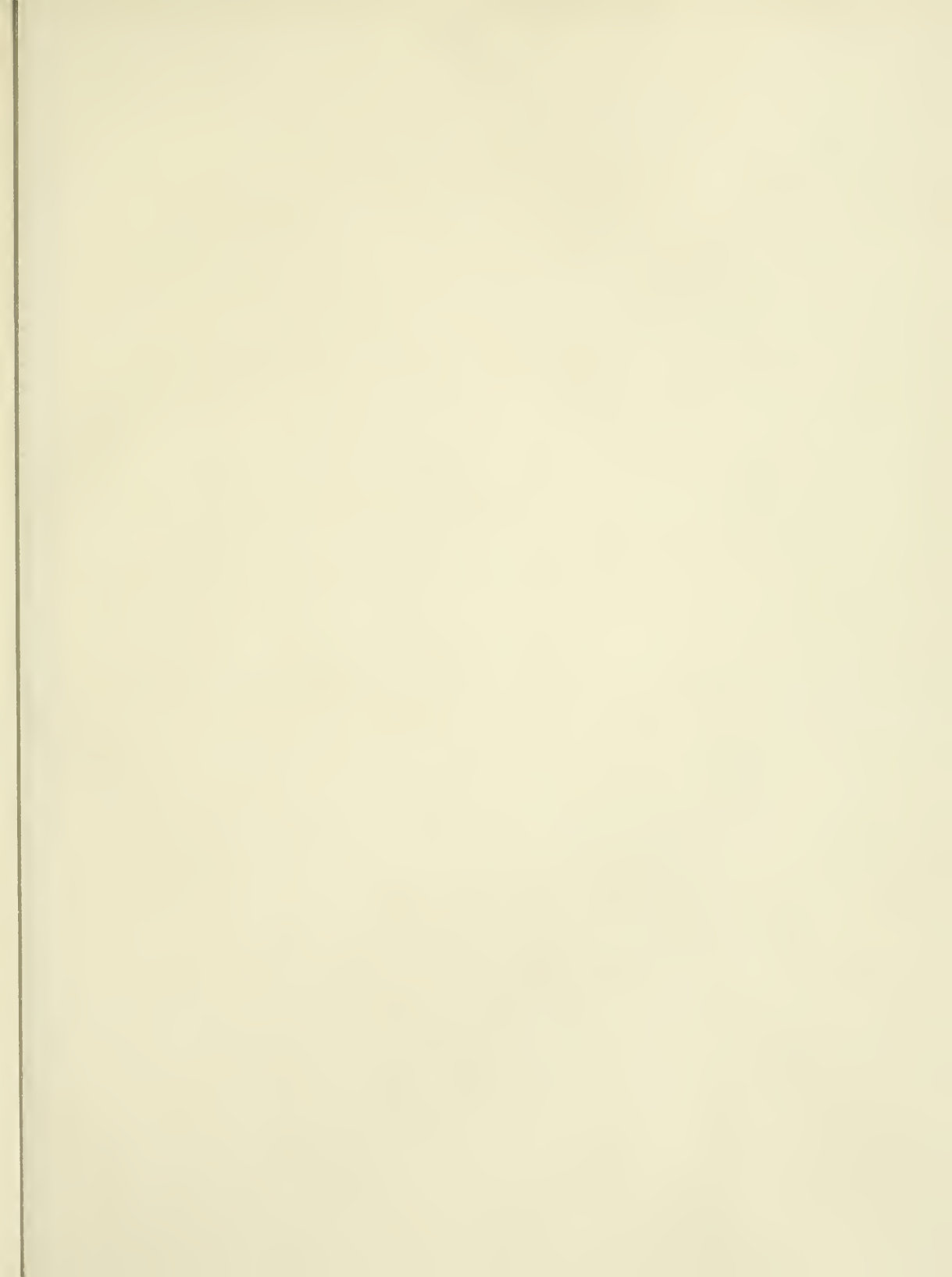


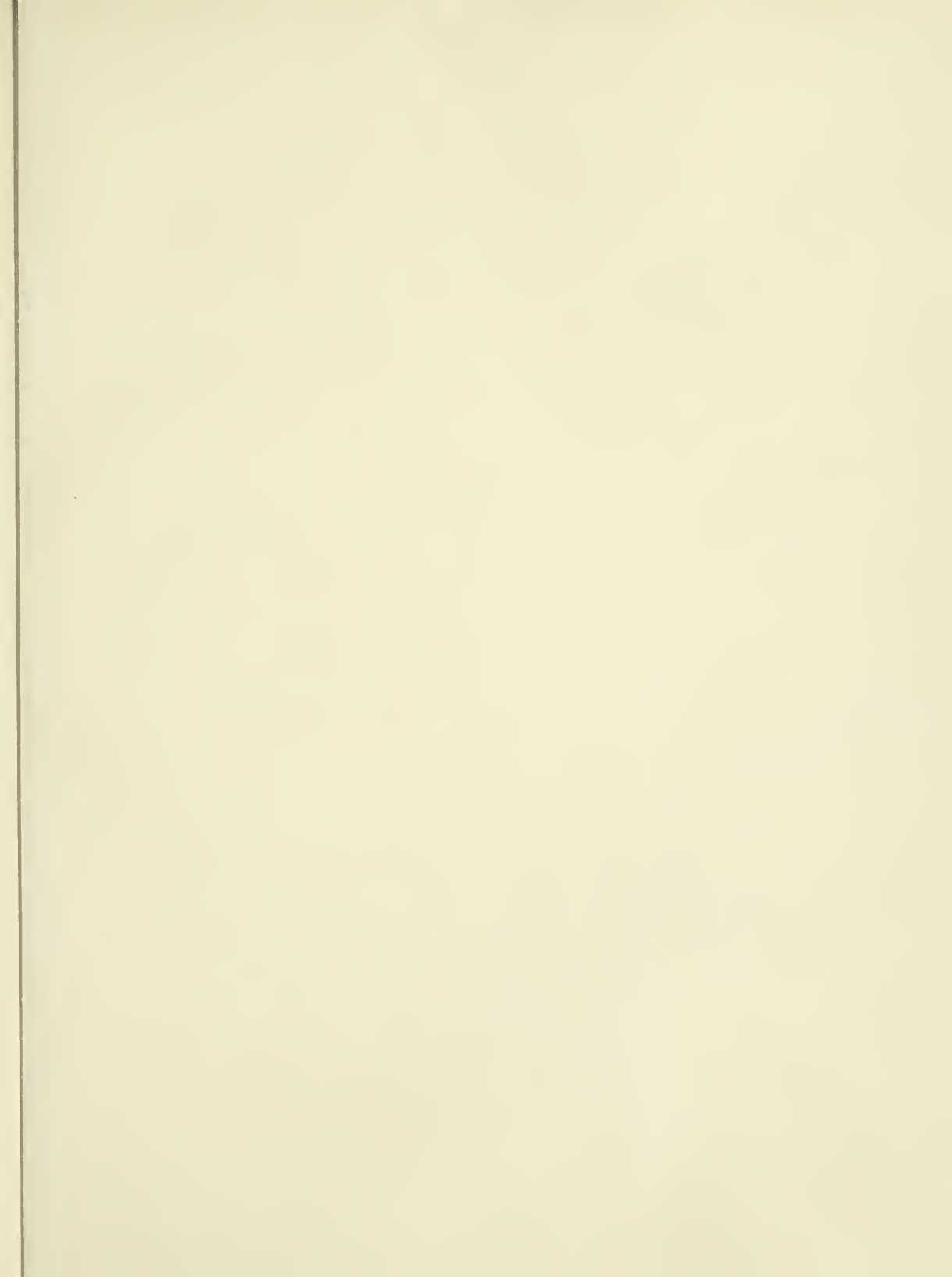


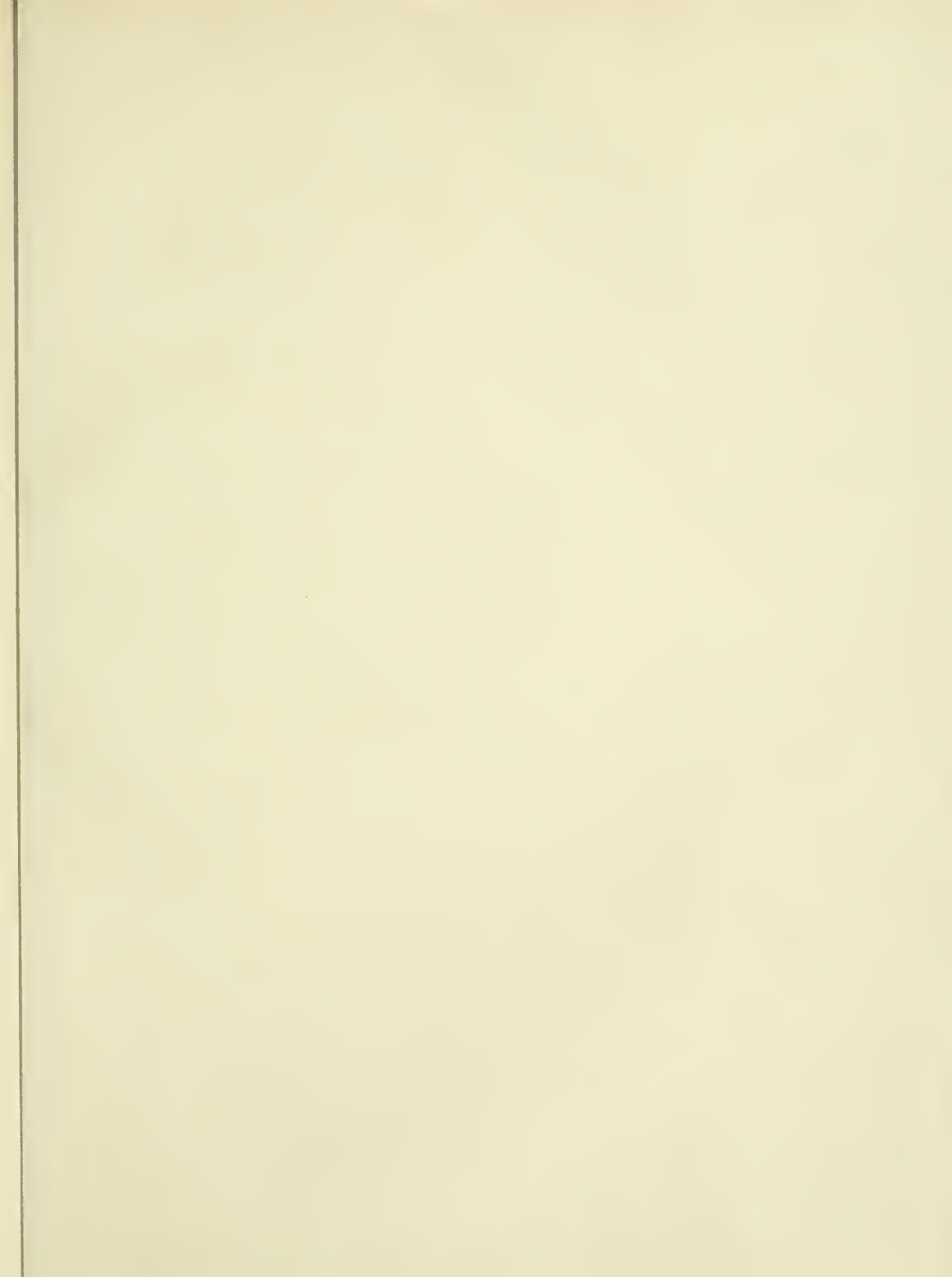


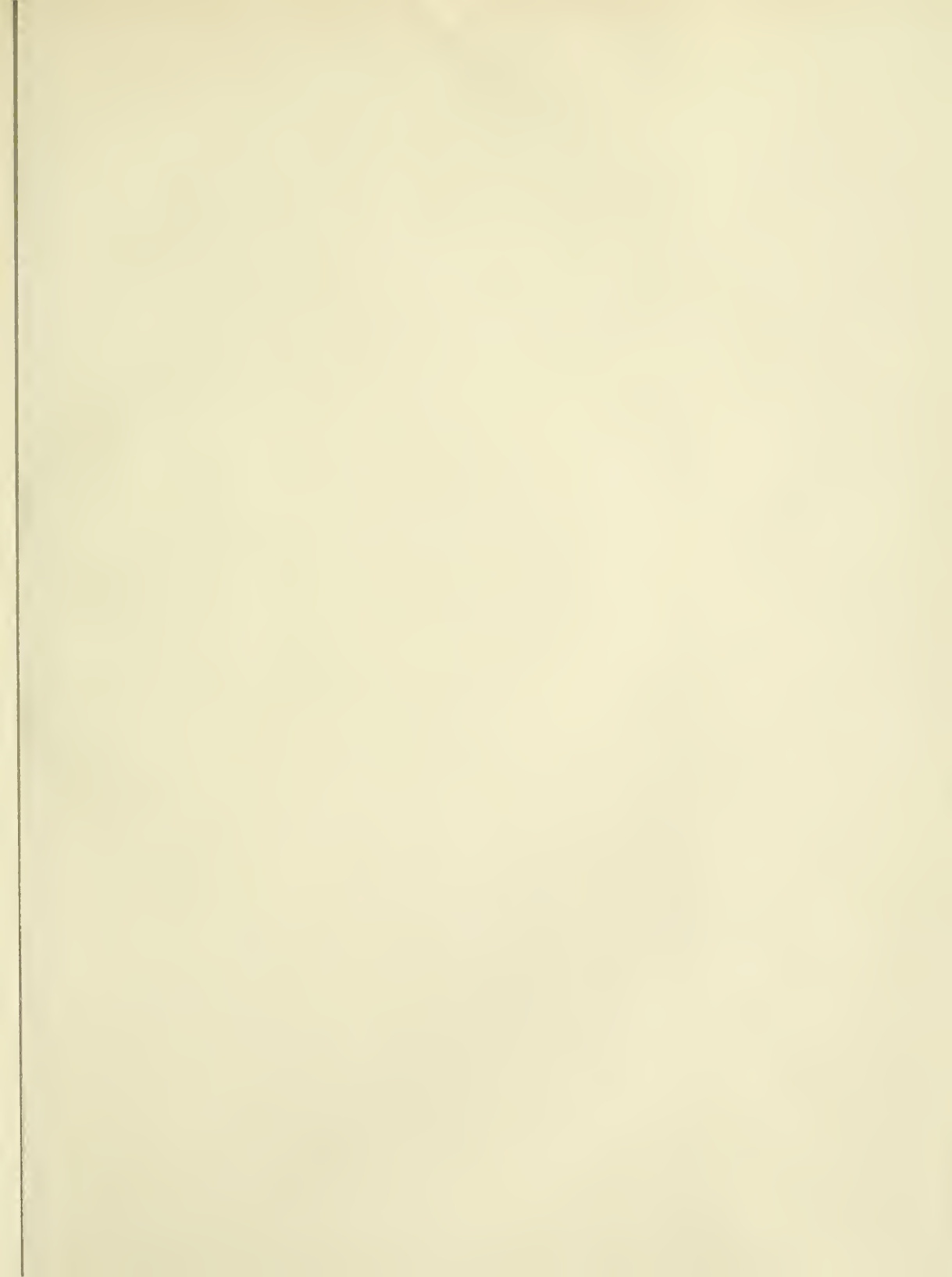


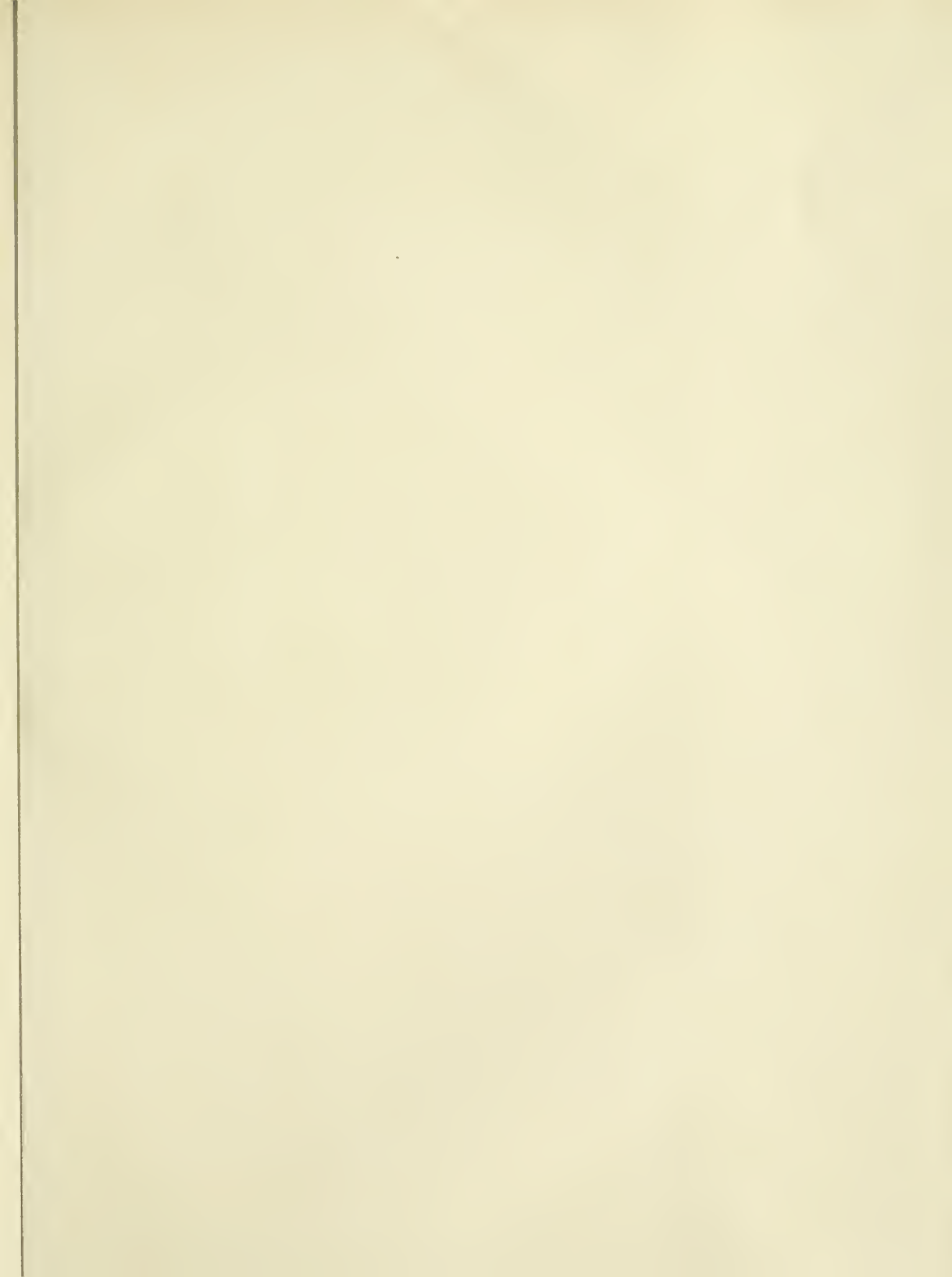


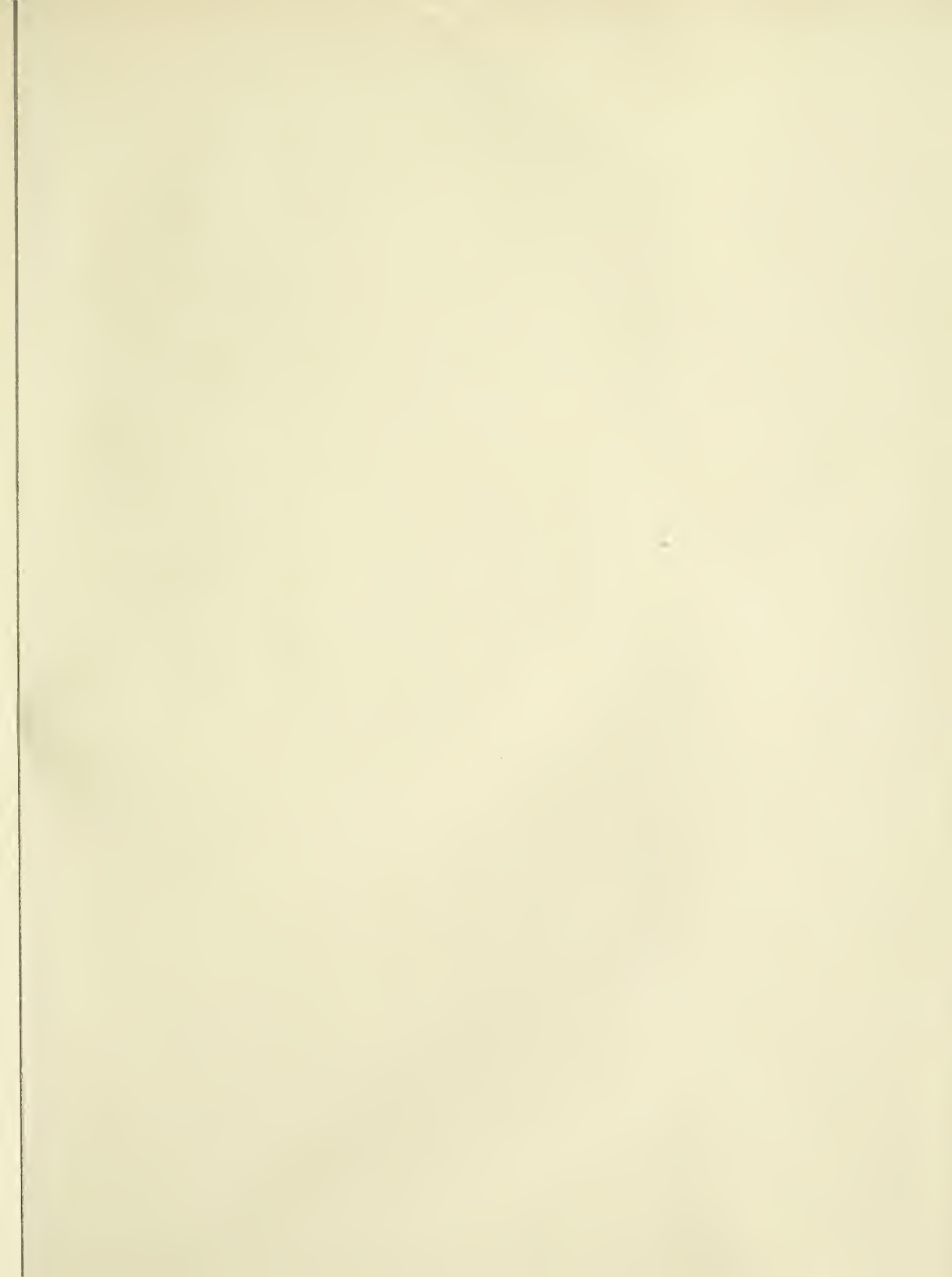


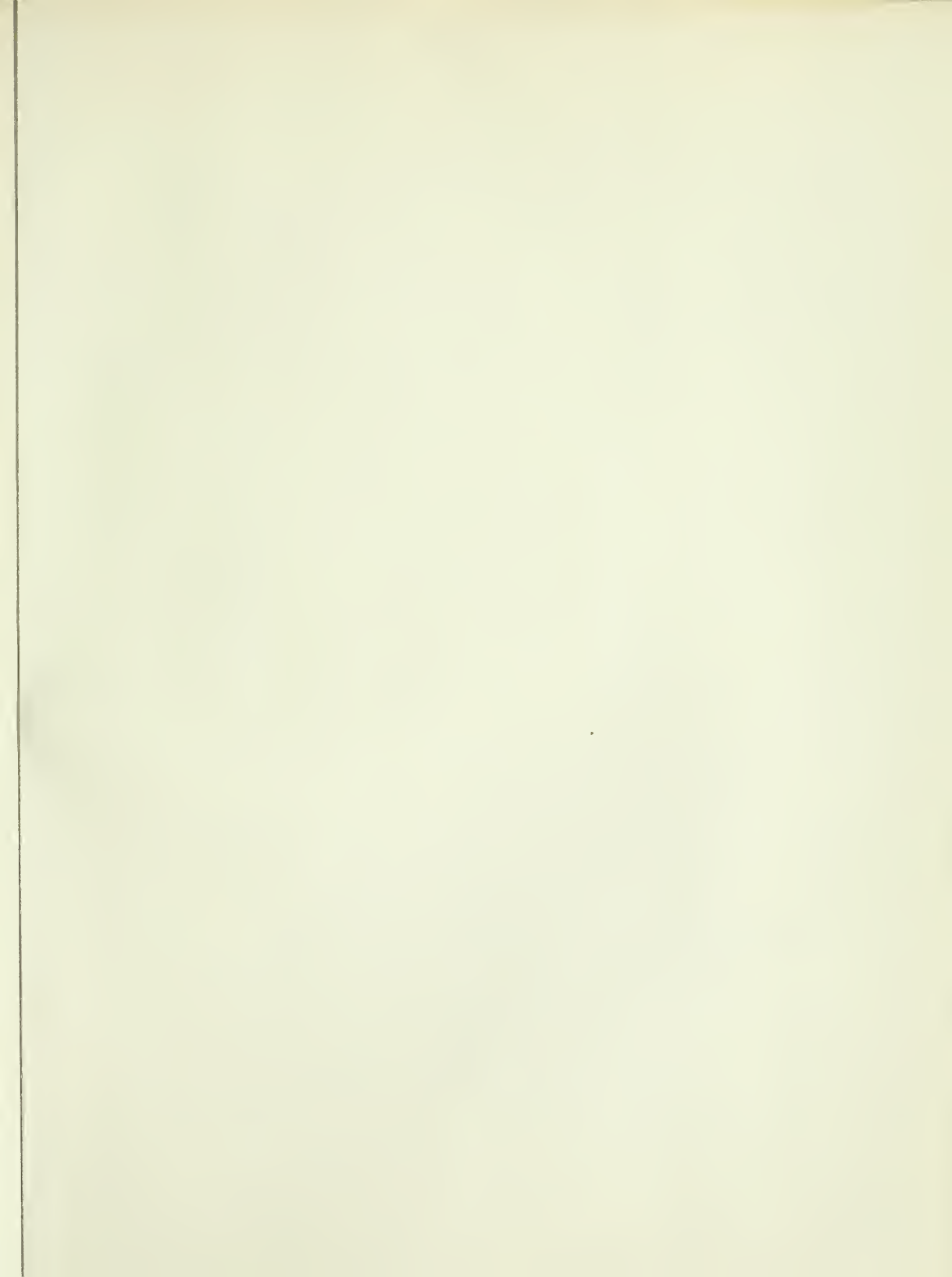




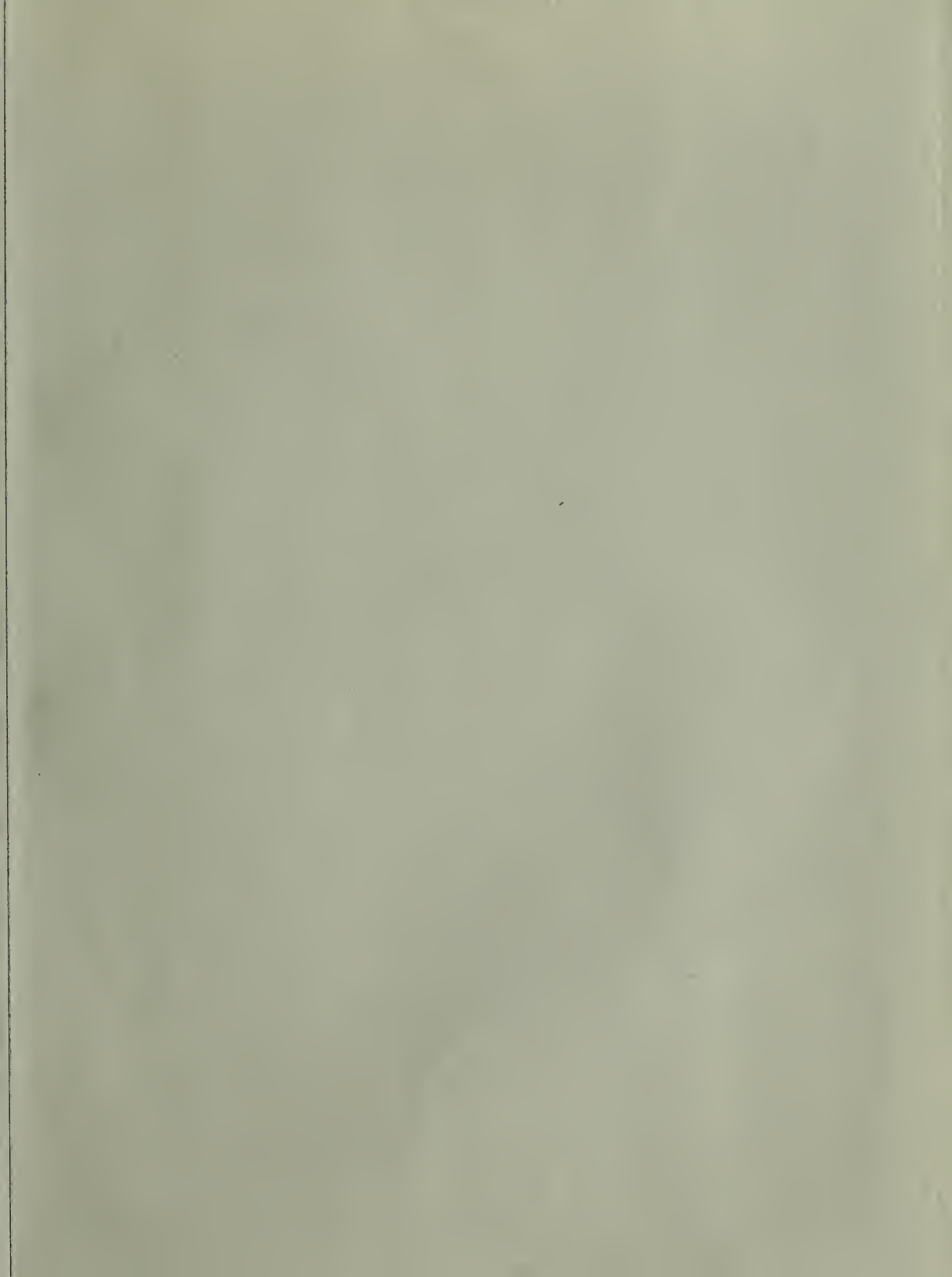












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